Rich. Well you deſerv'd:
They well deſerue to have,
That know the ſtrong'ſt, and ſureſt way to get.
Vncle give me your hand: nay, dry your eyes,
Teares ſhew their love, but want their remidies.
Coſin I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will have, Ile give, and willing too,
For doe we muſt, what force will have us doe.
Set on towards London:
Coſin, is it ſo?

Bul. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no. *Flouriſh, Exeunt.*

Scæna Quinta.

Enter Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What ſport ſhall we deviſe here in this Garden,
To driue away the heavy thought of Care?

La. Madam, we'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the world is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the Byas.

La. Madam, we'le Dance.

Qu. My legges can keepe no meaſure in Delight,
When my poore heart no meaſure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) ſome other ſport.

La. Madam, we'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of ſorrow, or of griefe?

La. Of eyther Madam.

Qu. Of neyther Girle.
For if of ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of ſorrow:
Or if of griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more ſorrow to my want of joy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;

And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madam, Ile ſing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe;
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madam, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could ſing, would weeping doe me good,
And never borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Servants.

But ſtay, heere come the Gardiners.
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe Trees.
My wretchedneſſe, unto a Row of Pinnes,
They'le talke of ſtate: for every one doth ſo,
Againſt a change; Woe is fore-runne with woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou up yond dangling Apricocks.
VVhich like unruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppreſſion of their prodigall weight;
Give ſome ſupportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprayes.
That looke too lofty in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be even, in our Governement.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noyſome weedes, that without profit ſucke
The Soyles fertility from wholeſome flowers.

Ser. Why ſhould we, in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme ſtate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, (the whole Land)
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Flowers choakt up,
Her Fruit-trees all unpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-ſpreading Leaves did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him up,
Are pull'd up, Root, and all, by *Bullingbrooke*;